



ATTACK

NO. 44

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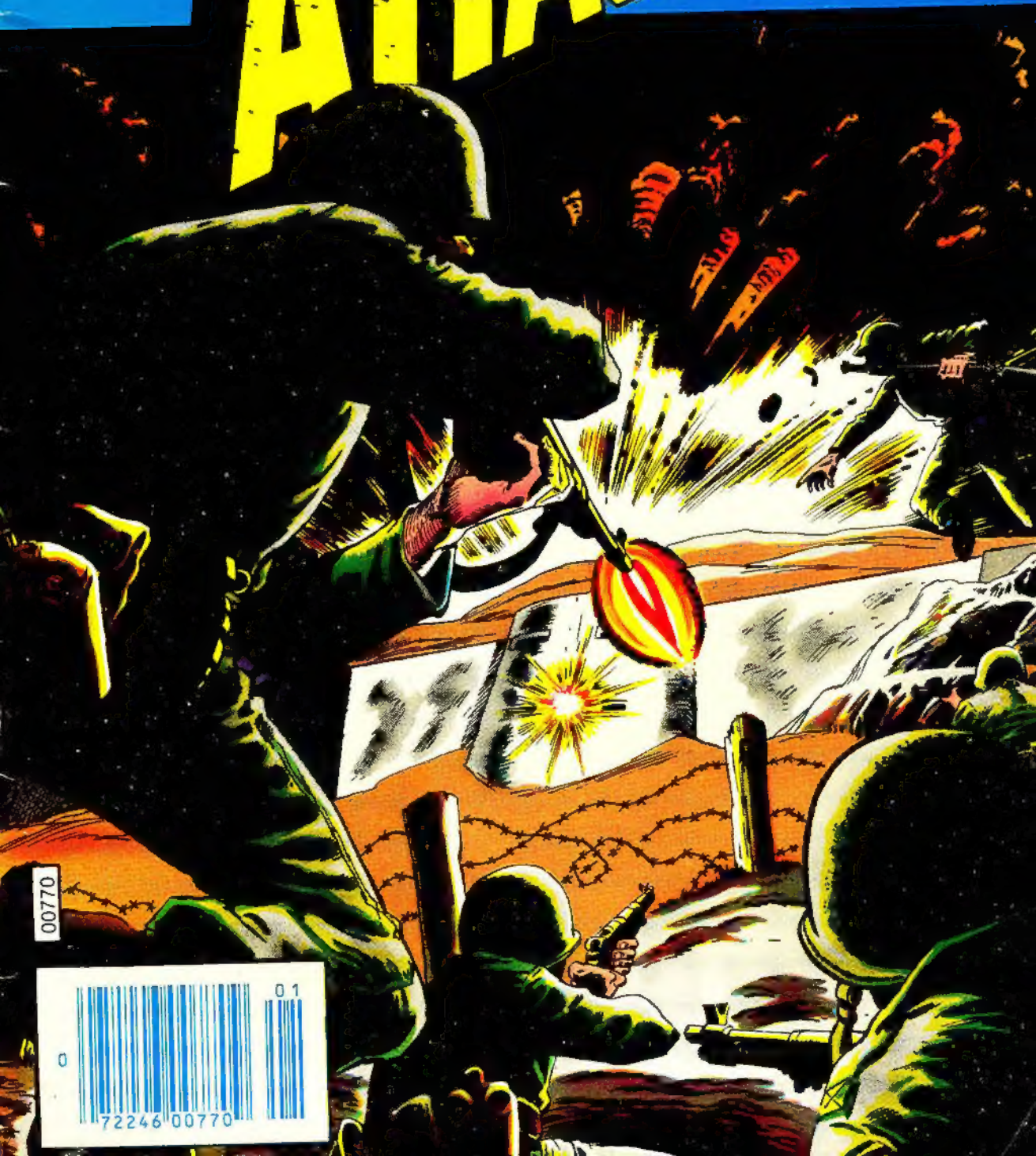
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**UK
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OUR FIGHTING FORCES IN ACTION

ATTACK



00770



"D-DAY"

AT 06.30, H-HOUR, AMERICAN ASSAULT TROOPS OF THE U.S. 1ST AND 29TH DIVISIONS LEFT THEIR LANDING CRAFTS AND STORMED ONTO THE HEAVILY FORTIFIED SHORE OF "OMAHA BEACH." THE INVADERS WERE GREETED BY A STEADY BLAST OF DEVASTATING MACHINE GUN FIRE FROM PAUL HOMMEL'S BUNKER AND THE TWO FLANKING PILBOXES OF W3. FOX COMPANY HAD ALREADY MADE AN ATTACK ON THE CONCRETE AND STEEL COMMAND BUNKER ...BUT, IT FAILED. CASUALTIES WERE HEAVY...AND ONLY A HALF AN HOUR HAD PASSED. THE TIME... 07:00 HOURS. FOR BOTH SIDES... THE HELL HAD BEGUN.



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THE MURDEROUS MACHINE GUNS THAT HAD KEPT FOX COMPANY PINNED HAD CEASED FIRING MOMENTARILY. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY, LT. CHARLES WILLIS ASSEMBLED TWO SQUADS OF HIS SECOND PLATOON AND CHARGED THE COMMAND BUNKER OF W3 WITH HAND GRENADES AND DEMOLITION TORPEDOS. THE MACHINE GUNS OPENED FIRE. THE RESULT... SLAUGHTER!



GERMAN CAPTAIN OSCAR KRENNER, 28 YEAR OLD VETERAN OF A BAR ROOM BRAWL, WAS NOW AT HIS POST IN W3.

LT. HOMMEL. ORDER THE MORTARS TO SWEEP 100 YARDS IN FRONT OF OUR BUNKERS. THEY ARE TO CONTINUE UNTIL I TELL THEM TO STOP.



ABOVE THE STEADY RATTLING OF THE GERMAN MACHINE GUNS COULD BE HEARD THE SCUFFING, SCRAPING SOUND OF...

MORTARS! WE'LL BE CUT INTO PIECES OUT HERE! TRY AND GET BACK TO THE LINE!



TWO MEN ALMOST MADE IT BACK, BUT THE SHRAPNEL CUT THEM DOWN. THE EXPLOSIONS BECAME SO NUMEROUS AND THE SHELLS SO CLOSELY PATTERNED TOGETHER THAT THEY BLANKETED THE TRAPPED MEN IN A SCREEN OF SMOKE. WILLIS AND HIS MEN COULD NO LONGER BE SEEN.



THE SHELLING LASTED FOR TWO MINUTES. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED ALL THAT COULD BE HEARD WAS THE STEADY POUNDING OF THE HEAVY MACHINE GUN, WHICH CONTINUED TO SWEEP THE FIELD, SEARCHING THE FIELD FOR SURVIVORS. BUT THERE WERE NONE. IT WAS AS IF WILLIS AND HIS MEN HAD NEVER BEEN THERE.



LT. CARL WEBER'S 3RD PLATOON WOULD BE NEXT FOR AN ASSAULT ON THE COMMAND BUNKER OF W3. THE 25 YEAR OLD FIRST LIEUTENANT SPOKE WITH HIS PLATOON SERGEANT AND GOOD FRIEND, TOM KILEY.

IF ONLY WE HADN'T LOST OUR HEAVY WEAPONS IN THE LOUSY LANDING CRAFT. THEN WE COULD BLAST THOSE KRAUTS OUT WITH A BAZOOKA. ALL WE HAVE IS GRENADES AND RIFLES...AND WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF GRENADES!

I THINK THAT WE SHOULD TAKE A CRACK AT THAT BUNKER'S RIGHT FLANKING PILLBOX, TOM! IF SOMEBODY ELSE GOT THE LEFT FLANKER...WE JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET A GRENADE INSIDE OF THE BIG BLOCKHOUSE.



THE CO OF FOX COMPANY...CAPTAIN ANDREW STRONG... NOT VERY WELL LIKED BY HIS MEN...NOR BY HIS FELLOW OFFICERS. HIS COMPANY WAS SUFFERING HEAVY CASUALTIES AND NO SIGN OF PROGRESS COULD BE SEEN IN THE ATTACK. THE FLUSTERED OFFICER SHOUTED COMMANDS AT LT. WEBER.



WEBER! GET YOUR MEN READY TO ATTACK THAT BLOCKHOUSE!

CAPTAIN, I SUGGEST THAT WE STRIKE AT THE BUNKER'S TWO FLANKING PILLBOXES. ONCE THOSE TWO HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT, WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF GETTING A GRENADE INSIDE OF THE BLOCKHOUSE. WE'LL ONLY GET WHAT WILLIS GOT IF WE TRY ANOTHER FRONTAL ASSAULT.



ALL RIGHT, WEBER. THIS SCHEME OF YOURS HAD BETTER WORK OR I'LL HAVE YOUR BAR. GOT THAT, LIEUTENANT?

YES...SIR.

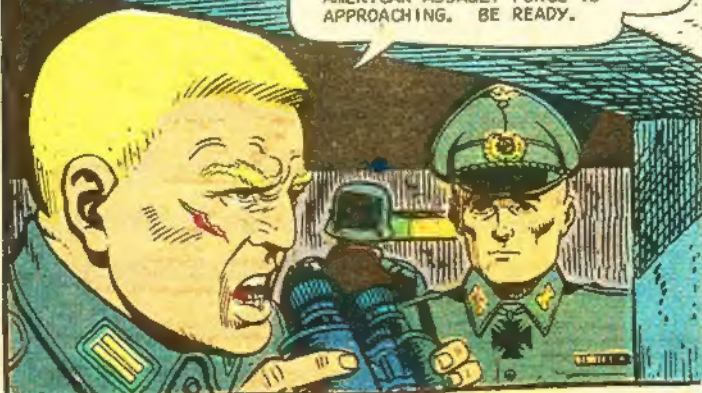


ALL RIGHT, TOM. YOU AND I WILL TAKE THE FIRST AND SECOND SQUADS, DUFFY WILL TAKE THE TWO REMAINING SQUADS OF WILLIS' PLATOON. WE'LL TAKE THE RIGHT FLANKER...DUFFY, THE LEFT. BRING GRENADES.



MOVING FAST AND KEEPING LOW, THE TWO AMERICAN ASSAULT GROUPS LEFT THEIR FIRING LINE FOR THE TWO GERMAN PILLBOXES. THEY DIDN'T REMAIN UNOBSERVED BY THE GERMAN COMMANDER.

HOMMEL. ALERT OUR TWO FLANKERS. AMERICAN ASSAULT FORCE IS APPROACHING. BE READY.

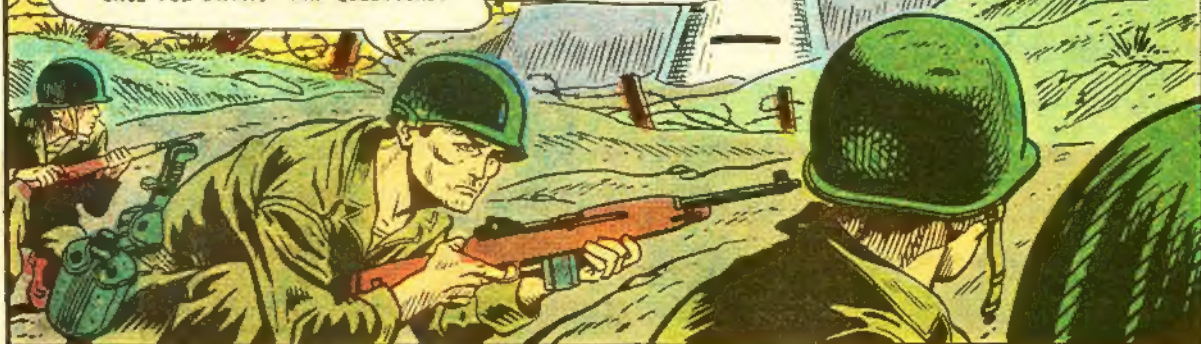


WE SEE THEM, HERR LEUTNANT. ABOUT 20 OF THEM OVER HERE. NO PROBLEM. THEY'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SLOPE, NOW, AND WILL PROBABLY ATTACK AT ANY MOMENT.



SOME 75 YARDS FROM THE PILLBOX, LT. WEBER SPOKE WITH SOME OF HIS MEN.

O'BRIEN, SHARKEY, AND SULLIVAN. YOU MEN CREEP AROUND TO THE BOX'S RIGHT FLANK. WHEN WE START FIRING, YOU GUYS CHARGE IT WITH GRENADES. WE'LL COVER YOU, SO KEEP MOVIN' ONCE YOU START. ANY QUESTIONS?



NO, SIR.

AS THE THREE MEN CRAWLED AWAY TOWARD THEIR OBJECTIVE, SGT. TOM KILEY SPOKE WITH HIS LIEUTENANT.

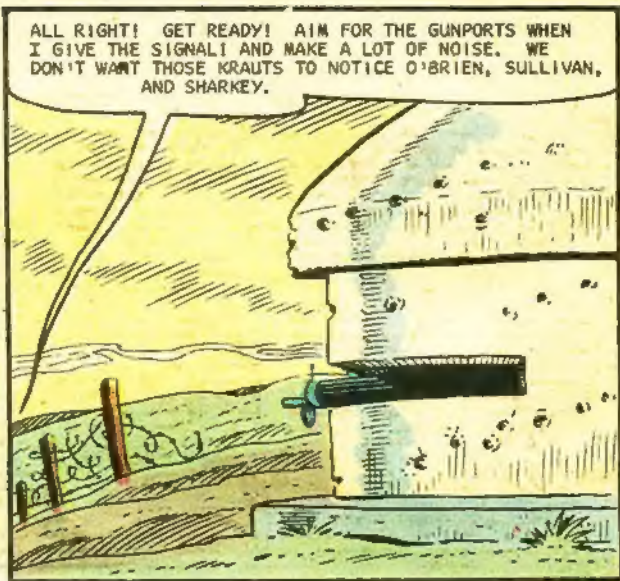
"I'LL HAVE YOUR BAR." WHAT A CREEP! WHY THE HECK IS THAT SKUNK ALWAYS BITING YOUR HEAD OFF LIKE THAT, CARL?

AH! EVER SINCE HIS BROTHER GOT KILLED OVER GERMANY IN A B-17, HE'S BEEN DOWN MY THROAT BECAUSE OF MY GERMAN ANCESTRY. BUT IT'S NOT JUST THAT.



STRONG AND I USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD FRIENDS. IT HAPPENED THAT WE BOTH FELL IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL IN ENGLAND. STRONG AND I WERE STILL GOOD FRIENDS...BUT WHEN THE GIRL CHOSE ME, THE FRIENDSHIP ENDED. WHEN STRONG HEARD THAT WE WERE GOING TO BE MARRIED, HE FLEW INTO A RAGE. HE'S BEEN GIVIN' ME THE DIRTY END OF THE STICK EVER SINCE.

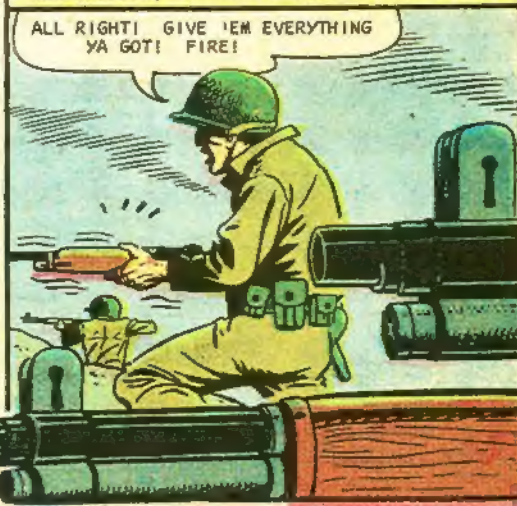




WHILE AMERICAN LT. WEBER READED HIS MEN, GERMAN LT. HOMMEL DARTED FROM THE SAFETY AND SECURITY OF HIS BUNKER AND RUSHED TO THE AID OF HIS RIGHT FLANKER WITH A SECTION OF MEN. A SECOND SECTION, UNDER THE COMMAND OF SGT. GUNTHER SCHMIDT, RUSHED TO THE AID OF THE RIGHT FLANKER.



BEFORE HOMMEL AND HIS TEN MEN COULD REACH THE PILLBOX, LT. WEBER CALLED TO HIS MEN.



AT WEBER'S COMMAND, EVERY AMERICAN WEAPON FIRED AT THE GUNPORTS OF THE FLANKING PILLBOX. SCURRYING WILDLY UP THE SLOPE TOWARD THE GERMAN POSITION, THREE MEN PRIMED THEIR GRENADES AND PREPARED TO THROW.



AT THAT MOMENT, PAUL HOMMEL, SEEING THE THREE MEN, SQUEEZED OFF FIVE FAST SHOTS FROM HIS STORM-CARBINE.



THE GERMAN LIEUTENANT'S FIRST TWO SHOTS HIT O'BRIEN, THE NEXT TWO SHOTS HIT SULLIVAN! BOTH MEN WERE KILLED INSTANTLY! HOMMEL'S FIFTH BULLET HIT SHARKEY IN THE THROAT. HE FELL TO THE GROUND...STILL ALIVE!

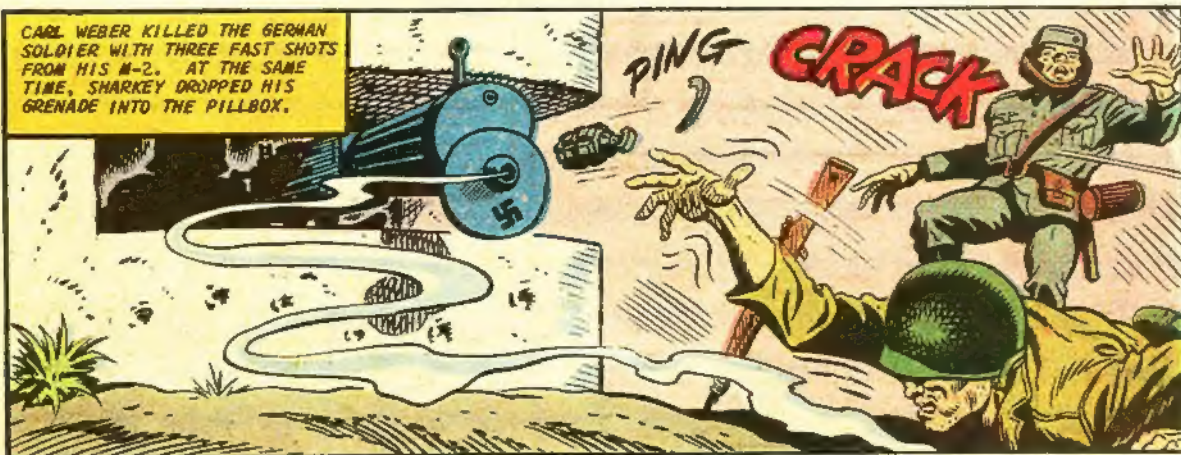


THE WOUNDED SHARKEY CRAWLED UP TO THE SIDE GUNPORT OF THE PILLBOX. HE WOULD BE DEAD IN A MOMENT. ONE OF HOMMEL'S MEN CAME UP BEHIND HIM!

GET THAT KRAUT!



CARL WEBER KILLED THE GERMAN SOLDIER WITH THREE FAST SHOTS FROM HIS M-2. AT THE SAME TIME, SHARKEY DROPPED HIS GRENADE INTO THE PILLBOX.



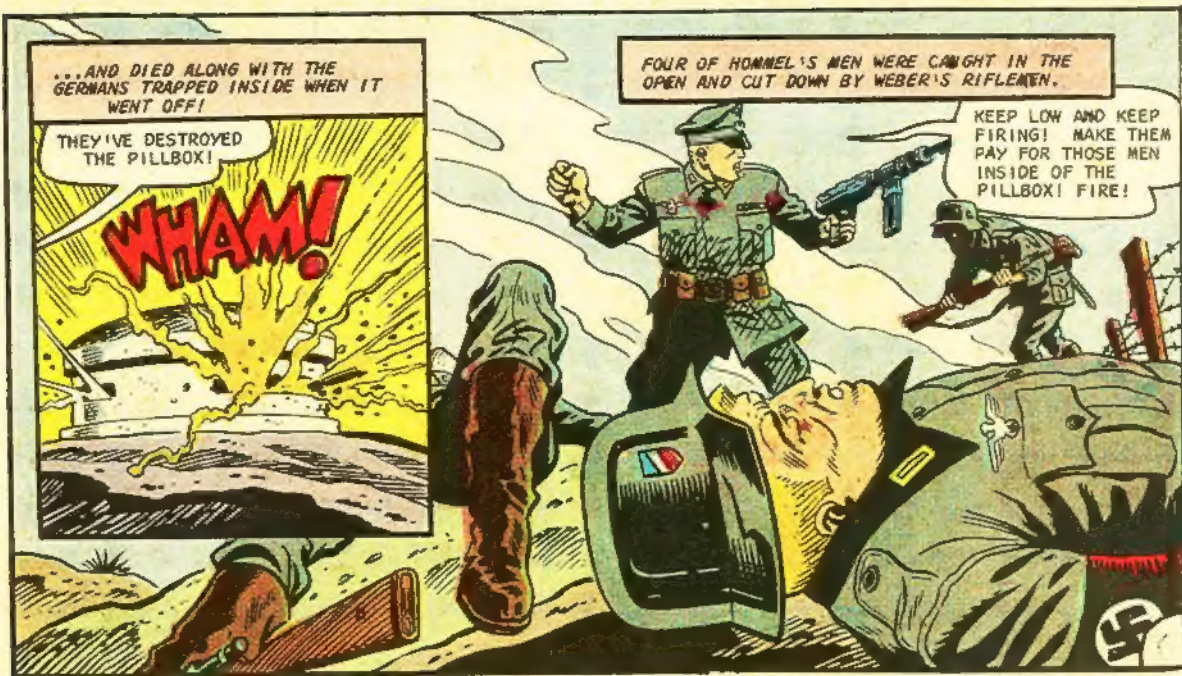
...AND DIED ALONG WITH THE GERMANS TRAPPED INSIDE WHEN IT WENT OFF!

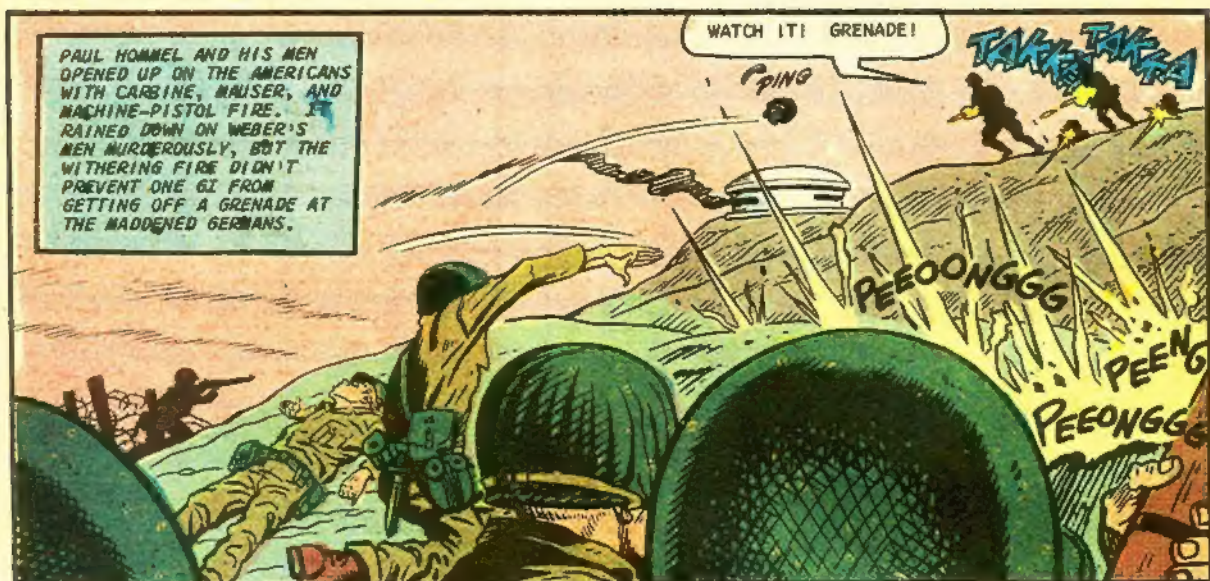
THEY'VE DESTROYED THE PILLBOX!

WHAM!

FOUR OF HOMMEL'S MEN WERE CAUGHT IN THE OPEN AND CUT DOWN BY WEBER'S RIFLEMAN.

KEEP LOW AND KEEP FIRING! MAKE THEM PAY FOR THOSE MEN INSIDE OF THE PILLBOX! FIRE!





THE GRENADE WENT OFF, WOUNDING HOMMEL AND KILLING THREE MORE OF HIS MEN. THE WOUNDED OFFICER GAVE AN ORDER.



THE FIRE-FIGHT DIDN'T LAST VERY LONG, BUT IT DID LAST LONG ENOUGH FOR TWELVE MEN TO DIE.



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE GI'S FIRED AT HOMMEL, BUT EACH TIME, THEY MISSED.

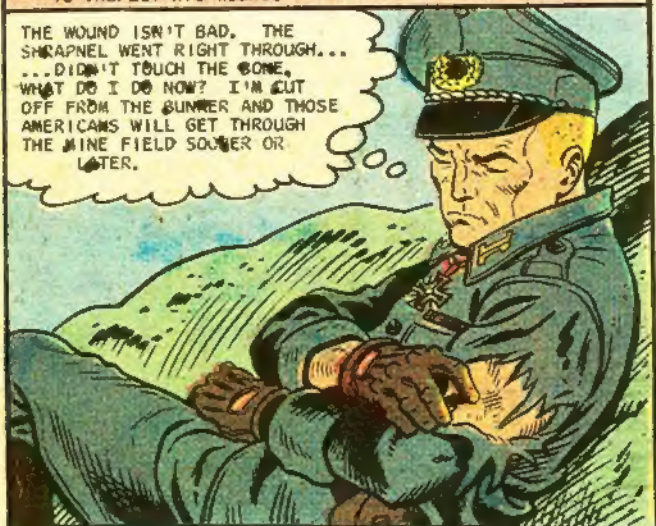


ALL RIGHT, TOM. STATION FIVE MEN HERE TO MAKE SURE THE KRAUTS DON'T GET IT BACK. THEN, FOLLOW ME DOWN TO THE BEACH WITH THE REST OF THE MEN. WE CAN'T GET VERY CLOSE TO THAT BUNKER BECAUSE OF THAT MINEFIELD. I'D BETTER NOTIFY STRONG.



WOUNDED, ALONE, AND UNABLE TO GET BACK TO HIS BUNKER, THE EXHAUSTED PAUL HOMMEL STOPPED IN A SHALLOW FOXHOLE TO INSPECT HIS WOUND.

THE WOUND ISN'T BAD. THE SHRAPNEL WENT RIGHT THROUGH...
...DIDN'T TOUCH THE BONE.
WHAT DO I DO NOW? I'M CUT
OFF FROM THE BUNKER AND THOSE
AMERICANS WILL GET THROUGH
THE MINE FIELD SOONER OR
LATER.



AMERICAN SHELLFIRE! CLAIRE'S HOUSE HAS BEEN HIT!



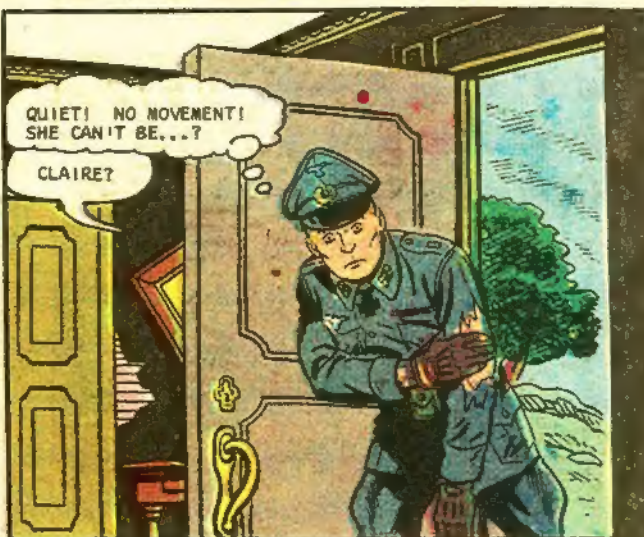
AS THE YOUNG OFFICER STUMBLED UP THE PATH LEADING TO THE HOUSE, GRIM THOUGHTS OF THE FATE OF THE GIRL RACED THROUGH HIS FATIGUED MIND.

IF SHE'S BEEN HARMED IN ANY WAY...
I'LL KILL EVERY YANK THAT I SEE!
EVERY ONE!



QUIET! NO MOVEMENT!
SHE CAN'T BE...?

CLAIRE?



CLAIRE!
CLAIRE?!





OH, PAUL, I...
YOU'RE WOUNDED!



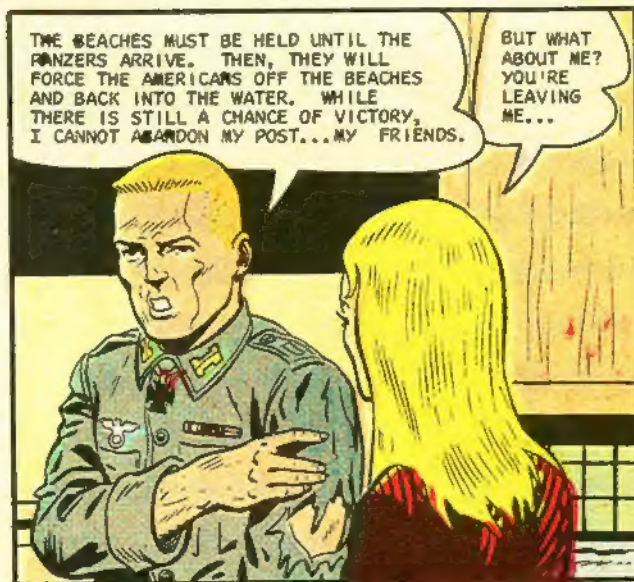
IT'S NOT BAD. IT'S
NOT BAD. WHEN I SAW
THE SHELLS HIT THE
HOUSE...I THOUGHT...

OH, PAUL, I'M SO
FRIGHTENED. ALL
THAT FIRING AND
SHOOTING...IT'S AN
INVASION, ISN'T IT?



YES, IT'S AN INVASION. I
MUST GO BACK TO THE BUNKER.
I MAY BE NEEDED THERE BY
MY COMRADES.

NO! PLEASE
DON'T GO BACK,
PAUL. YOU'RE
WOUNDED...AND
IF YOU GO BACK
YOU MIGHT BE
KILLED. DON'T
LEAVE ME, PAUL,
PLEASE.



THE BEACHES MUST BE HELD UNTIL THE
PANZERS ARRIVE. THEN, THEY WILL
FORCE THE AMERICANS OFF THE BEACHES
AND BACK INTO THE WATER. WHILE
THERE IS STILL A CHANCE OF VICTORY,
I CANNOT ABANDON MY POST...MY FRIENDS.

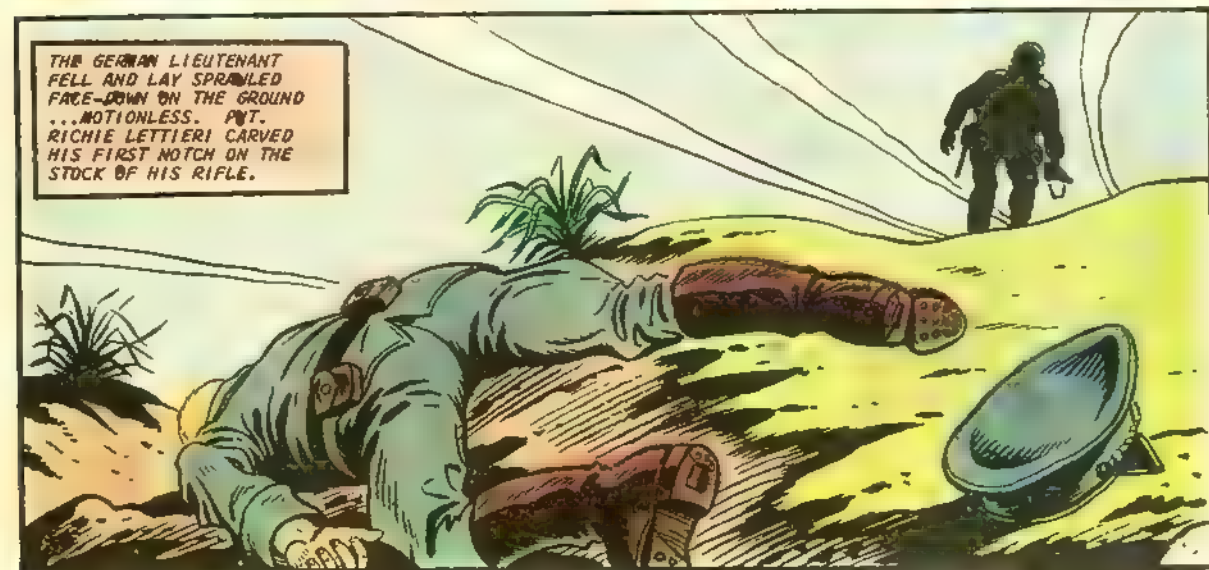
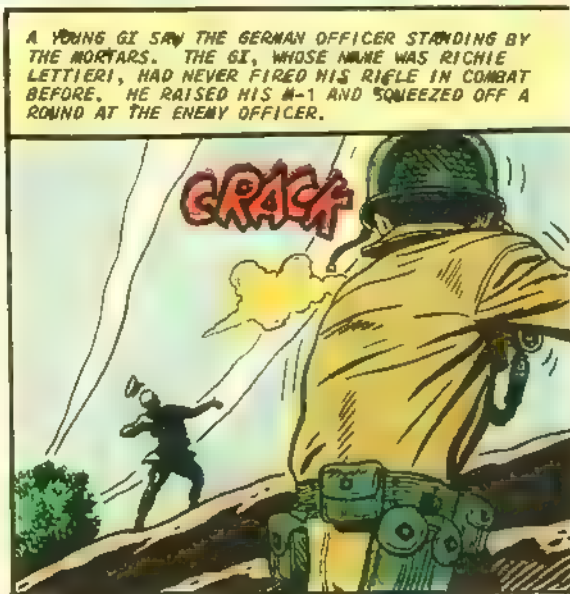
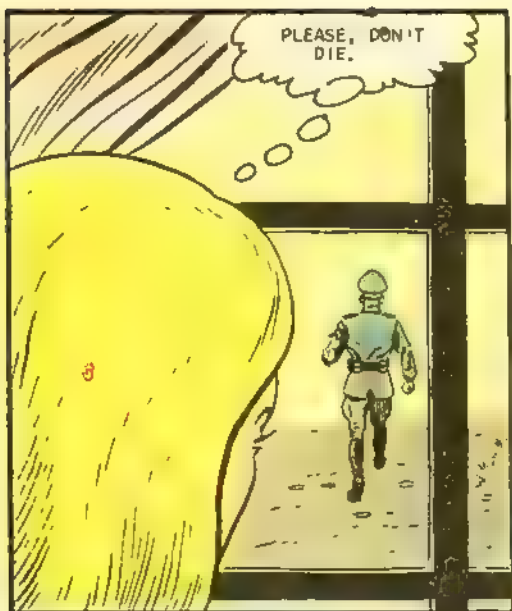
BUT WHAT
ABOUT ME?
YOU'RE
LEAVING
ME...



I'M NOT ABANDONING YOU. THIS MESS WILL BE OVER SOON
...AFTER THE PANZERS ARRIVE. I WILL SEE YOU TONIGHT
AND WE WILL CELEBRATE MY BIRTHDAY TOGETHER. THAT'S
A PROMISE.



PLEASE, DON'T DIE.
DON'T BE KILLED.



ON THE BEACH, LT. CARL WEBER
REPORTED TO HIS CAPTAIN, WHO
WAS GETTING QUITE IMPATIENT.

CAPT. STRONG. EASY COMPANY
PATROLS ARE MOVING IN ON OUR
LEFT FLANK. MAYBE WE CAN GET
SOME HELP FROM THEM. DID
DUFFY TAKE THE LEFT FLANKER
YET?

NO. DUFFY'S DEAD. BUT FROM THE
LOOKS OF IT, WHAT'S LEFT OF THE GROUP
SHOULD HAVE IT IN A FEW MINUTES.



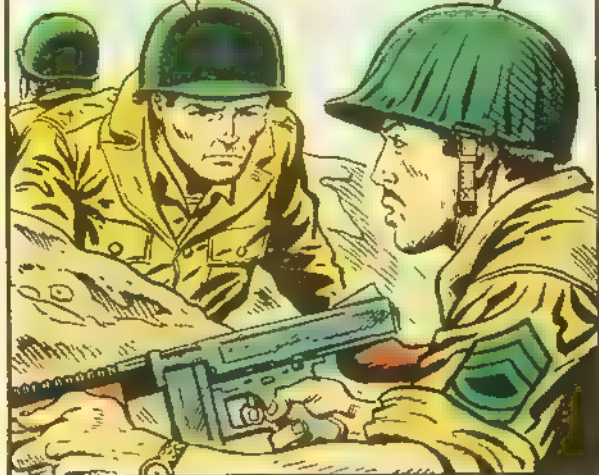
I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS. WEBER
TAKE TWO MEN AND GO OVER TO EASY
COMPANY AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET A
BAZOOKA OR TANK OR SOMETHIN'.
WE'VE BEEN ON THIS BEACH LONG
ENOUGH.

YES, SIR.
LEWIS,
SCOT...
COME WITH
ME.



YOU TAKE OVER 3RD PLATOON WHILE
I'M GONE, TOM! AND TAKE CARE OF
YOURSELF. DON'T PLAY HERO!

OKAY, CARL.
AND CARL...



TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

SURE.

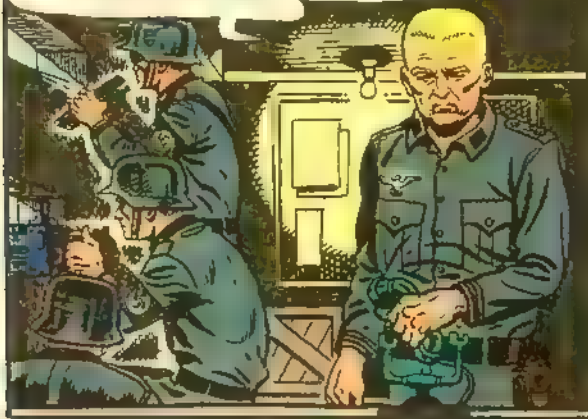


ALL RIGHT, BOYS. KEEP LOW. LT. WEBER WILL BE BACK
WITH SOME HEAVY STUFF AND WE'LL BLAST THOSE KRAUTS
OUT OF THEIR HOUSE. NO NEED TO GET OURSELVES KILLED
NOW. KEEP LOW.



INSIDE OF THE COMMAND BUNKER OF W3, A FRUSTRATED CAPTAIN OSCAR KRENNER PICKED UP THE RECEIVER OF THE FIELD TELEPHONE AND TRIED IN VAIN TO CONTACT FRIENDLY ELEMENTS. THE AMERICAN PRESSURE MOUNTED...WHILE THE AMMUNITION DWINDLED.

WHERE ARE THOSE CURSED MORTARS!?
WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE IS EVERYONE?
ARE WE ALL ALONE?



KRENNER RECEIVED HIS ANSWER FROM A WOUNDED WEHRMACHT LIEUTENANT...PAUL HOMMEL!

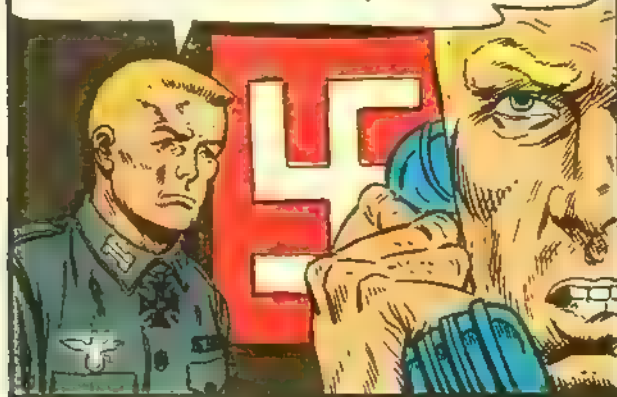
YES, HERR HAUPTMANN, WE ARE ALL ALONE. EVERYONE ELSE IS EITHER DEAD, GONE FROM THEIR POSTS, OR PRISONER OF THE AMERICANS.

HOMMEL!

PAUL! YOU'RE WOUNDED... YOUR HEAD!



IT IS NO USE TRYING, KRENNER. THERE IS NO ONE ON THE OTHER END TO ANSWER. OUR MORTARS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED...OUR RIGHT FLANKING PILLBOX WAS PUT OUT OF ACTION SOME TIME AGO! AND ON MY WAY IN HERE... I SAW OUR LEFT FLANKER SMOLDERING FROM AN AMERICAN GRENADE. THE MEN OF SCHMIDT'S NO. 2 SECTION ARE ALL DEAD JUST LIKE THE MEN IN MY NUMBER 1 SECTION. WE ARE ALL THAT ARE LEFT OF W3, CAPTAIN.



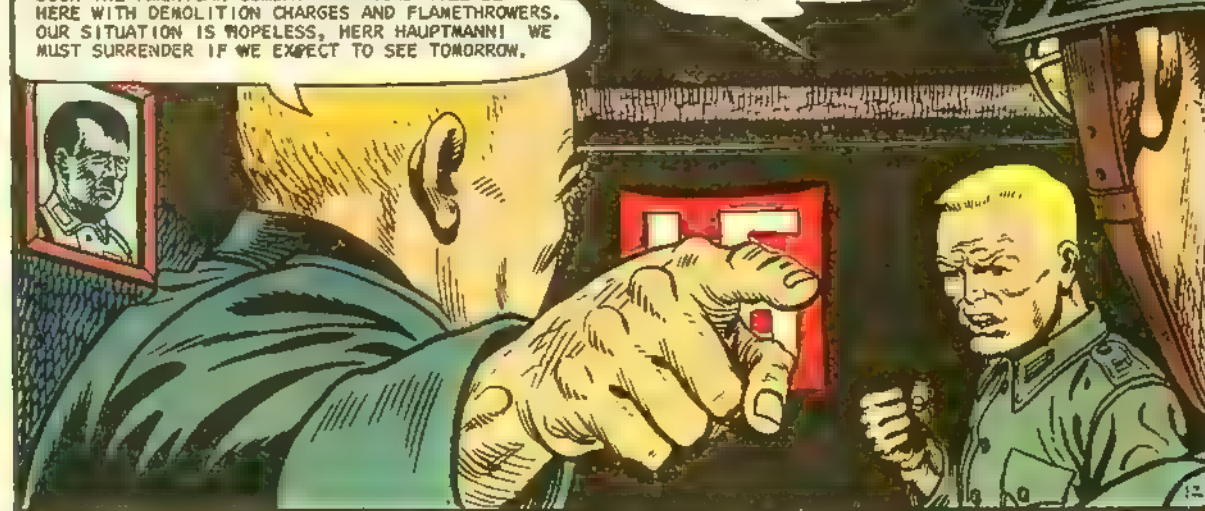
IF WE ARE ALL THAT ARE LEFT OF W3...THEN WE WILL BE ALL THAT DEFENDS THE POSITION TO THE LAST. TO THE LAST!

TO THE LAST? WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS? THE SS? MAYBE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION?



THE AMERICANS ARE CLOSING IN AROUND US! WE ARE CUT OFF FROM ALL FRIENDLY ELEMENTS! SOON THE AMERICAN COMBAT ENGINEERS WILL BE HERE WITH DEMOLITION CHARGES AND FLAMETHROWERS. OUR SITUATION IS HOPELESS, HERR HAUPTMANN! WE MUST SURRENDER IF WE EXPECT TO SEE TOMORROW.

NO! NEVER! WE WILL NOT SURRENDER W3!





HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A MAN BURN TO DEATH, HERR HAUPTMANN?

WE WILL NOT SURRENDER, LIEUTENANT! YOU ARE A COWARD AND A DEFEATIST...



GOD! GOD! HE'S SS...OR WAS. HOW DID IT HAPPEN? YOU HAVE THE LIGHTNING MARKS TATTOO!

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, HOMMEL!

THE MADDENED KRENNER DREW BACK THE SLIDE ON HIS MP-40 WITH DEFINITE INTENTIONS OF USING IT ON HOMMEL. THE WEHRMACHT LIEUTENANT MOVED QUICKLY, AND...

SLAM



WHAT DID YOU DO, OSCAR? WHERE DID YOU FAIL? WHERE DID THEY KICK YOU OUT? BAD TOLZ? BRUNSWICK? KLAGENFURT? PRAGUE? WHY DID THEY TAKE YOUR SILVER DAGGER AWAY?

I WILL GET YOU FOR THIS!

*--ALL FOUR WERE SS OFFICER CADET TRAINING SCHOOLS.



TREUE BIS AUF DEM TOD? NOT QUITE, OSCAR.

SOCK

*--"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH".



MEINE EHRE HEISST TREJE. NO, OSCAR! THE SS MOTTO'S DON'T APPLY HERE, WE ARE NO LONGER WILLING TO DIE FOR THE FATHERLAND...NOT USELESSLY, ANYWAY. WE ARE NOT FANATICS LIKE YOU...BUT SOLDIERS...TIRED SOLDIERS WHO KNOW WHEN THE STRUGGLE IS OVER. AND IT IS!



I TRIED...I TRIED SO HARD. BUT I COULDN'T MAKE IT. I COULDN'T MAKE MYSELF DO THE HORRIBLE THINGS THAT I WAS REQUIRED TO DO! I DISGRACED MY UNIFORM! I WAS A DISGRACE!

IT'S ALL OVER NOW, CAPTAIN. I'M SURRENDERING THE BUNKER.

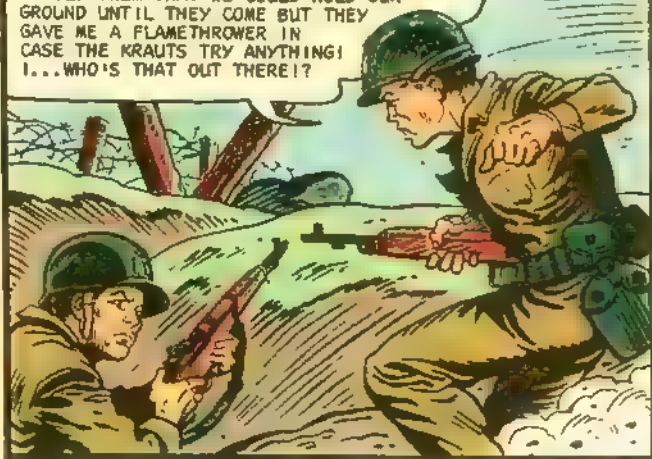
HOPING TO CATCH THE GERMANS OFF GUARD, A DARING AMERICAN SERGEANT CHARGED THE BUNKER WITH A DEMOLITION TORPEDO. THE GERMAN SPOTTED HIM AND FIRED WHEN HE WAS ABOUT 75 YARDS FROM THE GUNPORT.

AN AMERICAN WITH A DEMOLITION CHARGE, LIEUTENANT!



ON THE BEACH, LT. CARL WEBER RETURNED FROM EASY COMPANY AND REPORTED TO CAPT. STRONG.

SOME HEAVY WEAPONS MEN FROM EASY WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES, CAPTAIN. I TOLD THEM THAT WE COULD HOLD OUR GROUND UNTIL THEY COME BUT THEY GAVE ME A FLAMETHROWER IN CASE THE KRAUTS TRY ANYTHING! I...WHO'S THAT OUT THERE!?



IT'S KILEY, THE KRAUTS LOOKED AS THOUGH THEY HAD GONE TO SLEEP, SO I ORDERED HIM TO STICK A TORPEDO IN THE GUNPORT. THE KRAUTS WERE WIDE AWAKE, THOUGH.



HE'S HIT! KILEY'S DOWN! THE SARGE'S HIT!



WHY DID YOU SEND HIM OUT!? YOU COULD'VE WAITED FOR THE WEAPONS FROM EASY! THERE WAS NO REASON TO SEND HIM OUT THERE! NO REASON!

DUFFY'S MEN HAD KNOCKED OUT THAT OTHER PILL-BOX, SO I FIGURED THAT WE COULD GET THIS THING OVER WITH ONCE AND FOR ALL. THAT MAN HAS OUR LAST DEMOLITION TORPEDO, TOO!





THE GERMAN GUNNER FIRED...HIS BULLETS KICKING UP DIRT ALL AROUND THE ADVANCING LIEUTENANT. WEBER KEPT MOVING STEADILY THROUGH THE MACHINE GUN FIRE AS EVERY AMERICAN RIFLE FIRED INTO THE BUNKER'S GUNPORTS.



FOUR M-1 BULLETS CAME THROUGH THE GUNPORT, TWO OF THEM KILLING THE GUNNER, AND THE OTHER TWO SHATTERING THEO BECKERMANN'S SHOULDER.



SEEING HIS OPPORTUNITY, OSCAR KRENNER BOLTED FOR THE WALTHER PISTOL THAT HE HAD LEFT ON THE TABLE. HOMMEL HESITATED FOR A MOMENT.



IN HOMMEL'S MOMENT OF HESITATION, KRENNER FIRED. THE LIEUTENANT GROANED, GRIPPED HIS STOMACH, AND FELL TO THE FLOOR.



THE MEN INSIDE OF THE BLOCKHOUSE HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE AMERICAN OFFICER OUTSIDE WITH THE DEMOLITION TORPEDO. WEBER REACHED THE BUNKER AND JAMMED THE TORPEDO IN THE GUNPORT.



CARL WEBER, THEN, MOVED OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE GUNPORT.





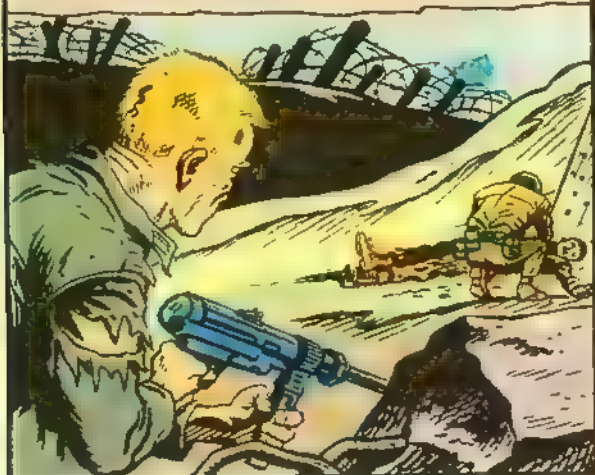
OUT OF THE SMOKING RUIN OF THE BUNKER EMERGED A DAZED AND WOUNDED CAPTAIN OSCAR KRENNER. THE WIDE-EYED WEHRMACHT CAPTAIN CARRIED A MACHINE PISTOL. HE SPOTTED AMERICAN LT. CARL WEBER TRYING VAINLY TO REVIVE HIS FRIEND.

TOM...OH, NO... HE'S DEAD...

THAT MUST BE THE AMERICAN WHO DESTROYED THE BUNKER!

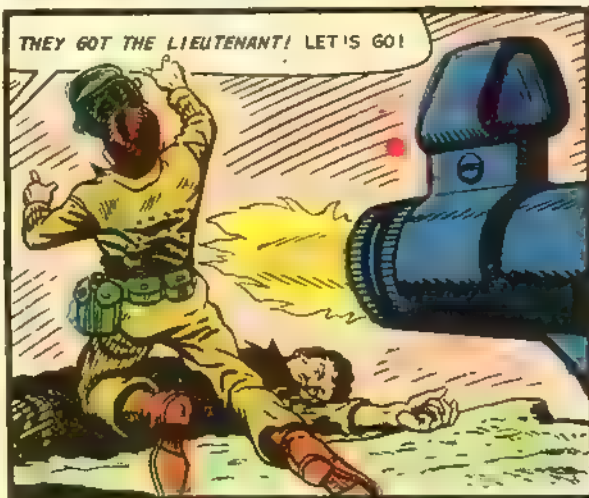


KRENNER LEVELED HIS SCHMEISSER AND...SWEEPING THE BARREL SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY FROM SIDE TO SIDE...FIRED A PROLONGED BURST OF 9MM BULLETS INTO CARL WEBER'S BACK.



THE LIEUTENANT JERKED UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE HEAVY SLUGS, HIS LIFELESS FORM SLUMPED OVER THAT OF HIS BEST FRIEND.

THEY GOT THE LIEUTENANT! LET'S GO!

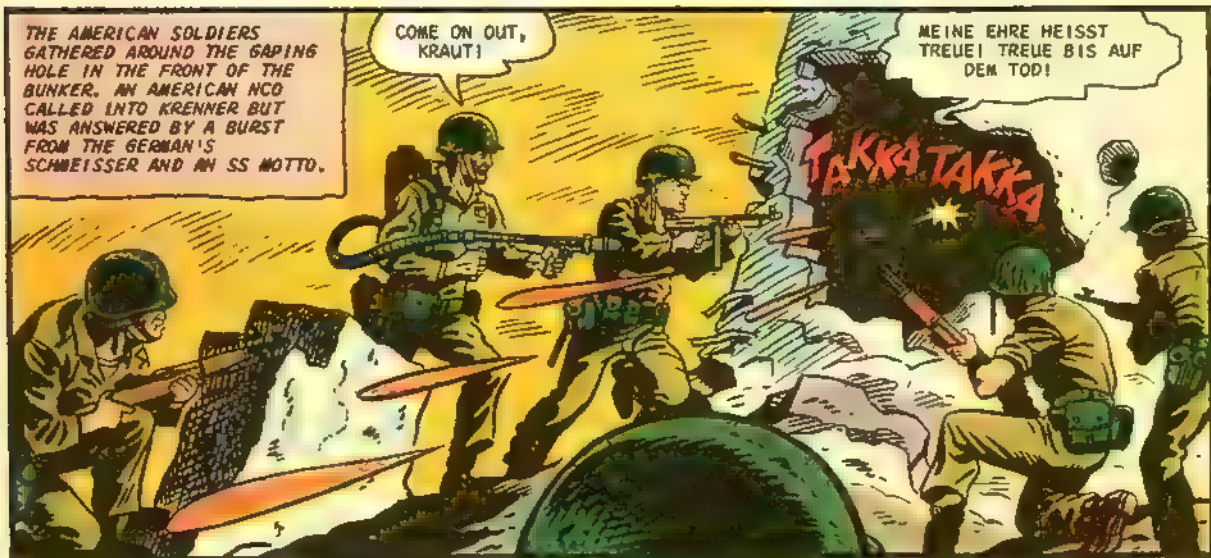


THE AMERICANS LEFT THEIR TRENCH AND MOVED FORWARD. CAPT. ANDREW STRONG WAS AMONG THEM. HE HAD SEEN THE GERMAN CAPTAIN KILL WEBER, AND HE NOW ANGRILY ADVANCED ON THE GERMAN POSITION. HE DIDN'T GET VERY FAR... THE NEXT MOMENT, 9MM BULLETS FROM KRENNER'S SCHMEISSER DROPPED HIM IN HIS TRACKS!

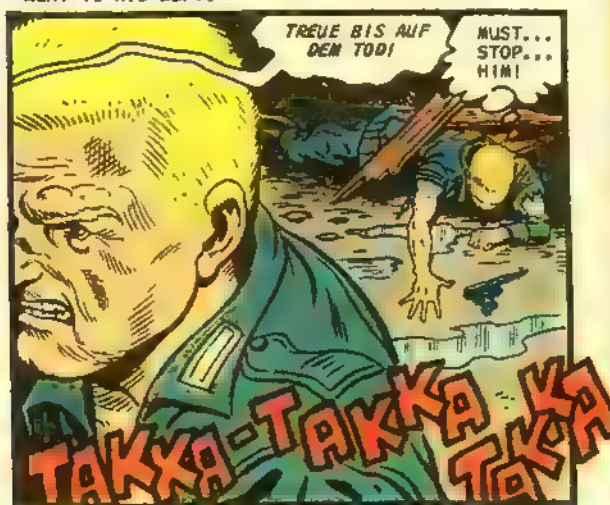


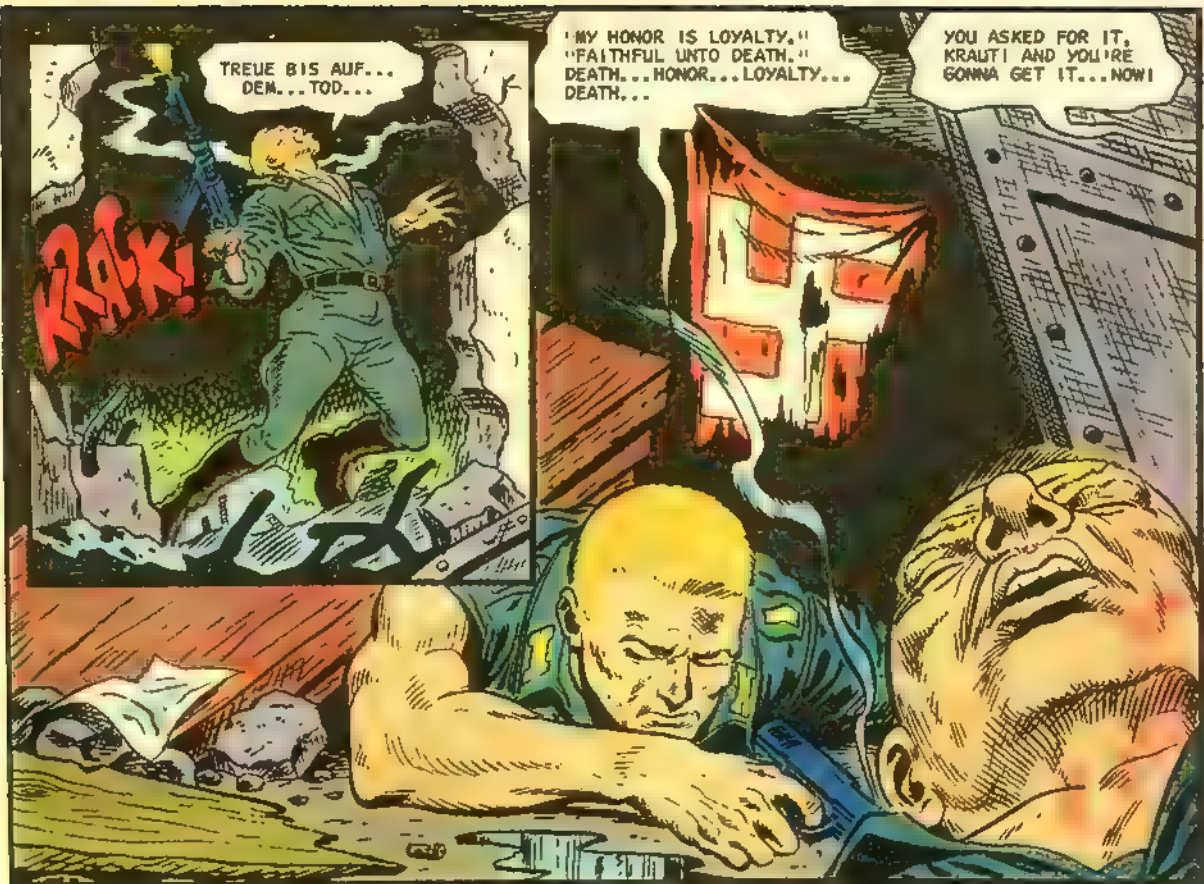
CAPTAIN STRONG REELED AND TOPPLED BACKWARDS ACROSS A BARBED-WIRE FENCE. WHAT WERE HIS THOUGHTS? WERE THEY OF THE BURNING PAIN IN HIS CHEST?...OF WEBER?...THE GIRL HE HAD LOST TO THE DEAD LIEUTENANT?...HAD HE FELT A LOSS WHEN THE 25 YEAR OLD OFFICER WAS KILLED?... WHATEVER HIS THOUGHTS WERE...THEY WERE HIS LAST. THE AMERICAN DIED ON THE WIRE.





KRENNER CONTINUED TO RANT AND RAVE AS HE SPRAYED THE ENTRANCE TO THE BUNKER WITH AUTOMATIC FIRE. HE DIDN'T TAKE NOTICE OF THE MOVEMENT TO HIS LEFT.





THE FIRST BURST OF FLAME SHOT THROUGH THE OPENING OF THE BUNKER. HOMMEL MOVED TO ESCAPE BUT COULDN'T...HIS LEGS WERE PINNED UNDER THE FALLEN BEAM AND OTHER RUBBLE. THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT KNEW THE DEATH THAT AWAITED HIM... AND FEARED IT. HE STILL HAD FIVE SHOTS LEFT IN HIS REVOLVER, BUT HE COULDN'T MAKE HIMSELF USE IT. THE FLAMES CAME NEARER.



A SECOND BURST WAS FIRED INTO THE BUNKER, THIS TIME, MUCH CLOSER TO HIM. A THIRD BLAST FROM THE FLAMETHROWER'S NOZZLE AND HOMMEL WOULD SURELY BE HIT...HE TRIED TO CALL OUT TO THE AMERICANS...BUT COULDN'T. THEY PROBABLY WOULDN'T HEAR HIM...



HOMMEL'S WOUNDS DIDN'T HURT HIM ANYMORE...HE LAY THERE, WAITING FOR THE THIRD BLAST FROM THE FLAMETHROWER, JUST THINKING OF CLAIRE. HE WAS PICTURING HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE WOULD LOOK WITH HER NEW DRESS...AND HER HAIR BACK...



...WHEN THE THIRD BLAST CAME.

SOON, EVERYTHING INSIDE OF THE BUNKER WAS ENGULFED IN FLAME. THE AMERICANS MOVED ON.



EPILOGUE

AN HISTORICAL NOTE...BY D-DAY PLUS 1, THE ALLIES HAD LANDED ROUGHLY 200,000 MEN ON THE NORMANDY BEACHES AND SOME 33,000 AIRBORNE TROOPS BEHIND THE COASTAL DEFENSES. THE COST OF THIS OPERATION? ALLIED CASUALTIES RANGED FROM 10,000 TO 12,000. THE GERMAN CASUALTIES RANGED ANYWHERE BETWEEN 4,000 AND 9,000 DEAD, WOUNDED AND MISSING.

ENGLISH CHANNEL

THE NORMANDY LANDINGS

D-DAY, JUNE 6, 1944

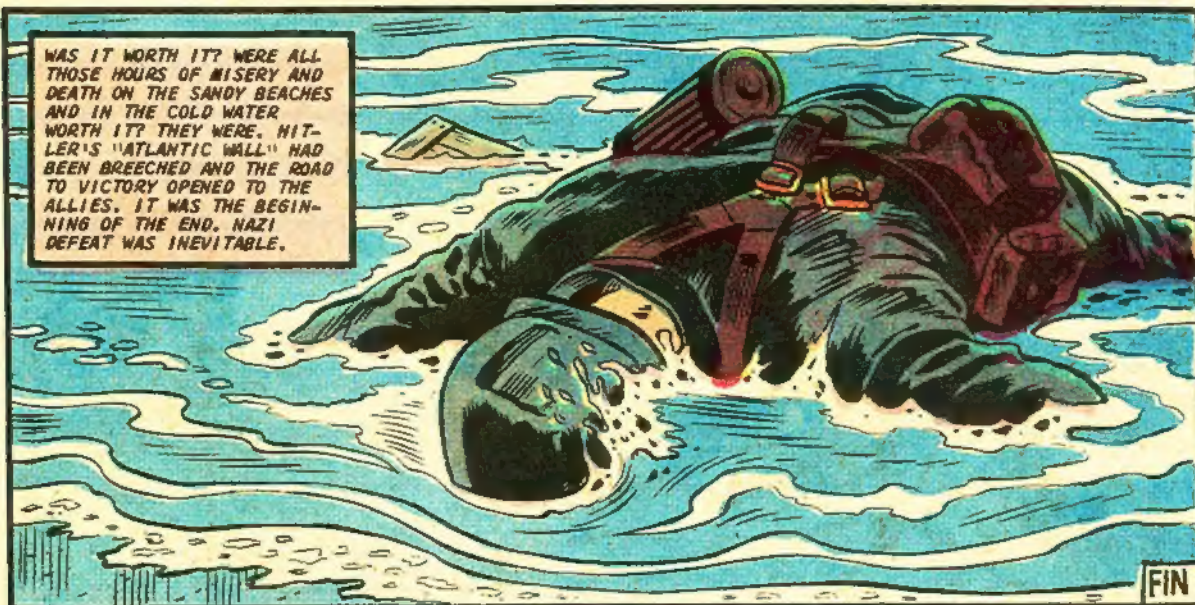


NORTH ATLANTIC

BY THE END OF D-DAY, MEN OF THE U.S. 1ST AND 29TH DIVISIONS WERE OFF OF THE 18,000 FT. STRIP OF SAND AND SHINGLE CALLED OMAHA BEACH AND WERE ONE MILE INLAND. THE COST OF "BLOODY OMAHA" ALONE...AN ESTIMATED 2,500 DEAD, WOUNDED AND MISSING.



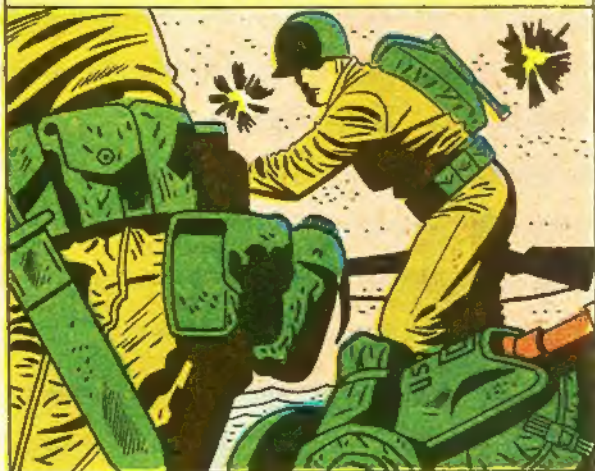
WAS IT WORTH IT? WERE ALL THOSE HOURS OF MISERY AND DEATH ON THE SANDY BEACHES AND IN THE COLD WATER WORTH IT? THEY WERE. HITLER'S "ATLANTIC WALL" HAD BEEN BREACHED AND THE ROAD TO VICTORY OPENED TO THE ALLIES. IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END. NAZI DEFEAT WAS INEVITABLE.



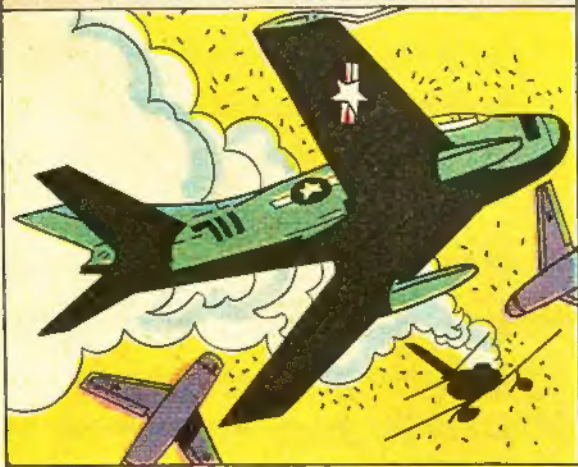
FIN

The G.I.'s MEDAL

IN WAR, MEN ARE DECORATED FOR BRAVERY...
AS WERE THE MARINES FOR THEIR LANDINGS IN
THE SOUTH PACIFIC!



THE AIR FORCE, TOO, RECORDED DEEDS OF
VALOR... LIKE THE F-86 SABRE JET THAT
TOOK ON 3 MIG'S IN A VICTORIOUS BATTLE!



BUT, THE INFANTRYMAN HAS HIS OWN HERO!



WHEN HE IS CALLED, HE ANSWERS... BRINGING LIFE TO THE NEARLY DEAD, AND HOPE TO THE
HOPELESS... THE MEDIC WHO GOES UNARMED WHERE BRAVE MEN FEAR TO TREAD!





I.

Trapped on the battle field,
With our ammo running,
We were determined not to yield,
To the end we are willing to go,
When they finally get our range,
Then the artillery will start to fire,
War is something very very strange,
For it is your life that is for hire!

II.

Soon they begin their last attack,
They all seem so willing to die,
Just to throw us the enemy back,
And they don't even know why.
But mankind will always fight,
They can create any kind of reason,
Yet Truth must prevail over Might,
Any time - any day - or any season.

III.

It will be a hand-to-hand fight,
With bayonet and deadly knife,
Caught in a spot that is tight,
You can lose your own life.
You hear men around you scream,
There is nothing you can do,
Just like a bad nightmare or dream,
Except that it all concerns you.



IV.

You fight in rain or snow,
You are half dead on your feet,
But onward you must go and go,
For there can be no retreat
You forgot your last hot meal
And you want to stay alive,
Your pain you don't even feel,
Your one keyword is: Survive!

V.

There must be a better way,
Than the one we call war.
There must be a better day,
That we are waiting for,
When men will finally decide
That they need no longer fight.
By law they will all abide,
Know that force does not make right.

VI.

Just now the bombs are falling,
And many cities are ablaze,
The Dove of Peace is calling,
For a way out of this maze.
A peson I am only just one,
There surely must be more like me,
Who want to watch the setting sun,
In a world that is full of Harmony.

R. J. Simpson

**Digital
Comic
Preservation**

**Another
pointless
scan by
Kritter**

**You got a friggin' Problem
with me?!?
Yeah, I didn't think so.**

**If you like it,
then buy it!
Don't make me
come looking
for you!**

